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No. 3.

GLACIERS OF SWITZERLAND.

With an Engraving.

The following interesting description of the *Mer de Glace*, or Sea of Ice, a celebrated Glacier in Switzerland, is from the pen of a recent traveller:—

About one o'clock we arrived at the town of Chamouny, commonly called Le Prieuré, or the Priory, and took rooms at the English, or London Hotel. No time was to be lost; we therefore immediately sent for guides and mules, for our excursion to the Mer de Glace. These were soon obtained; and we were glad to find that our principal man was no other than the one who accompanied the famous Saussure in exploring these mountainous regions. The most esteemed guides have surnames, derived from the heights or passes which they first explore, or have been most successful in traversing. Thus one is called Mont Blanc; another L'Aiguille; and our guide Le Géant. Before setting out, we were all furnished with a baton ferré, or long staff, with a sharp iron ferrule at the end, to assist us in the steep and slippery parts of our excursion. As we crossed the plain, between the Priory and the foot of the mountain, we presented quite a formidable appearance. First marched, as our commander, Le Géant; then I came, flourishing the baton ferré in great glee; then my travelling companions on mules; and lastly, two or three minor guides and servants. After ascending the mountain for some distance, by a steep and craggy path, my strength began to fail. By the advice, and often the example, of one of our attendants, I took hold of the long tail of one of the mules, and was

thus pulled on some distance further—the good mule clambering along, with this appendage, with the most perfect *sang froid*. Before setting out, my companion and myself both determined to walk; we were, however, advised to take along a mule, in case either should become much fatigued. My friend now kindly insisted on my taking the animal, preferring himself to walk the rest of the distance. I therefore renounced his tail, and joyfully mounted on the back of the mule. About half way up the mountain, there is an agreeable resting place, at a copious fountain of water. Two or three miles farther on, there is a ravine, apparently formed by the falling of large masses of rocks and uprooted trees, at different periods. Here we had the unexpected pleasure of witnessing an avalanche of snow, tumbling from a distant summit. As it rushed along it produced a roaring, stunning sound, which echoed through the mountains. Le Géant, who was near me, stopped for a moment, and then marched on, saying it was ‘only a little one.’ In something more than three hours after leaving the Priory, we arrived at the little pavilion, on the top of Montanvert. This small building was erected by a French gentleman, for the accommodation of travellers. It stands on a verdant plain, at the foot of the Aiguille de Charmos, and commands a good view of the celebrated glacier called the ‘Sea of Ice,’ which is a little below it.

After resting and taking some refreshment, at this hospitable edifice, ‘dedicated to nature,’ we descended by a rough, steep path, to the Mer de Glace. Passing the edge, which is formed of loose masses of ice and rock, we followed Le Géant a considerable distance on the ice. We walked between a number of clefts or chasms, which yawned around us in every direction. Some of these are quite narrow, and others a number of feet in breadth. Within them the ice is of an azure color. Their depth cannot be sounded. Some suppose they reach to the very earth, on which the glacier reposes. When in London, I was advised not to cross this frozen sea; as these clefts are often concealed by patches of encrusted snow. A person this year came very near perishing, in attempting to cross one of these

frail bridges; it sunk under his weight, but as the crevice was not very wide, he had presence of mind enough to thrust the iron point of his mountain spear into the ice, as he was sinking, and by this means was rescued. Standing on the ice and looking up, as it were to the source of this frozen river, you behold a mass of ice, seven or eight miles long, and more than a mile in breadth. Its whole extent, however, is more than as many leagues. On one side it is bounded by Montanvert, and on the other by a number of colossal and precipitous ridges. Numerous Aiguilles, or needle-like rocks, shoot up to an astonishing height, in all directions around. Our guide pointed out, with peculiar animation, that called *Le Géant*, the one which he first explored; and where, I think, Saussure remained fifteen days with him, pursuing meteorological investigations. Beyond the *Mer de Glace*, there is a famous glacier called the Garden. It is a verdant spot, full of Alpine flowers, though completely surrounded with walls of ice, and requires much strength and hardihood to reach. The disemboisement, if I may so call it, of the *Mer de Glace*, into the valley of Chamouny, is called the *Glacier des Bois*; from beneath which and through an icy cavern, a torrent of water rolled—this is the source of the *Arvéron*. As our guide informed us that this vault or arch of ice was, at this season, scarcely worth examining, we were content to view the spot at a distance, as we returned.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

"As the vine, which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattering boughs; so it is bountifully ordered by Providence, that *woman*, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself in the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

BY THE REV. GEORGE COLES.

Of all the social relationships of life, there is none so sacred, so sweet, and so increasingly dear, as that which subsists between husband and wife. It is an emblem of the mystery of the incarnation, and of the love that Christ bears to his Church. No wonder then, that, human art has invented means of perpetuating the memory of that union when once it has been broken by death. For this the marble tablet is erected, and the monument is placed in a conspicuous situation, that the passing stranger may read and remember the virtues of the pious dead. For this the sculptor employs his skill, not to give life to the deceased, but to preserve the semblance of feature, as much as may be; that the bereaved may gaze with delight, and remember with pleasure, the excellencies of departed worth. To this end are the labors of the pencil directed, and the pale and spotless canvass is made to glow with the beauty of youth, and to exhibit the wisdom of maturer years. But alas! the tablet, the monument, the bust, and the portrait, are but cold and dull remembrancers of our departed friends. Their works are like the gods of the heathen: "they have eyes, but they see not;" and they give us but faint recollections of the departed originals. The orator, the poet, the historian, and the printer can do more. The orator, glowing with the fires of eloquence, gives life and beauty to his description, and by the magic power of his voice almost raises from the dead, those whom the grave had long concealed from our eyes. The poet also, kindling with celestial fires, by the aid of numbers draws the moral likeness of our departed friends, paints them in unfading colors, and with the aid of Castalia's fount renders their fame imperishable. The historian takes us back to the period when they lived, and tells us the very thoughts that inspired their breasts, and the very words that fell from their lips. While the printer, like a faithful chronicler of events, perpetuates the whole to the latest generations. But these also, like all human efforts, fail in satisfying the boundless desires of the immortal mind.

"They cannot give us *life for love*." They can only tell us what our friends *once were*, and partly what they *now are*, but nothing of what they *will be* through the countless ages of unending duration. But where *sense* sets us down, *faith* takes us up, and through the medium of divine revelation we see our friends in all the loveliness of immortality, in all the beauty of holiness, and in all the perfection of bliss. Even now we behold them "arrayed in glory and light from above," and waiting for that "far more exceeding, and eternal weight of glory, which shall soon be revealed." O what a glorious change have they experienced! A little while since they were "prisoners of hope," now they have entered the "palace of the glorious king," and the "groaning of the prisoners appointed to die," has been exchanged for those "songs of the redeemed," and that "everlasting joy," which shall be "upon the heads" of all "the ransomed of the Lord." "They have exchanged the warrior's sword," for the "conqueror's crown," the "clay-built tenement," for the "house not made with hands," a "howling wilderness," for the "heavenly Canaan," "sorrows and sighs," and "doubts and fears," for "songs of deliverance," and the "beatific sight" of "heaven and eternal glory." Well might an apostle say, "*to die is gain!*" And well may the sorrowing and bereaved pilgrim be encouraged to "gird up the loins of his mind, be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace that is to be brought at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

"O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain;
WHO MEET ON THAT ETERNAL SHORE
SHALL NEVER PART AGAIN."

HARTFORD, JULY 13th, 1831.

HEBREW POETS.

The sacred poets never contemplated the glories of Creation, but with the lively gratitude of sincere worshippers, delighted to witness and to feel the all prevad-

ing mercy of Jehovah. The utterance of their ecstasy at the view of the scene before them, was the fervent expression of real emotions. They loved a minute enumeration of its beauties, because it was a moving, animated picture of the glory and benevolence of God; because their souls were moulded by its influence, their hearts were touched with human kindness, they sympathized with the happiness of all animated nature, and rejoiced to sing forth their grateful, involuntary praises to the Giver of good.

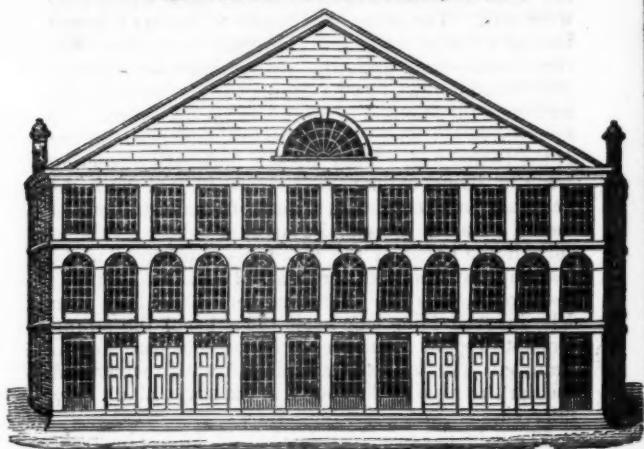
There is scarcely an object in nature, which they do not personify. The sun, the moon, the stars, the winds, the clouds, the rain, are the ministers and messengers of Jehovah. The fields and the trees break forth into singing, and even clap their hands for joy. The mountains melt at His presence, or flee from His wrath in terror; And the sun, and the moon, hide themselves from the terrible flashing of his armor. What unutterable sublimity do such bold personifications communicate to that chapter in Habakkuk, commencing, *God came from Teman,—The Holy One from Mount Paran.*

The mountains saw Thee, and were troubled;
The overflowing of waters passed away;
The deep uttered his voice,
It lifted up its hands on high.

The sun and the moon stood still in their habitation;
In the light of thine arrows they vanished,
In the brightness of the lightning of Thy spear!
In indignation Thou didst march through the land,
In wrath Thou didst thresh the heathen.

THE ONLY REFUGE.

When those whom we love treat us with cold indifference;—when those whom we have supposed to be our friends avoid us;—when our business declines, or we cannot be employed in such as is agreeable to us;—when poverty attends, and the world appears a gloomy desert;—then it is that our hearts ache—our spirits sink—and we are ready to cry out—O! our God, do not forsake us, for thou art our only refuge.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, No. I.**MARINER'S CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.**

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

The above view of the Mariner's Church in Portland is remarkable only as it is a monument of Christian benevolence. It is not long since, seamen were regarded as travellers upon the 'mountain wave,' having no more connexion with the land than the fish which swim the sea. When they died on their long voyages they were committed to the wide grave over which no monument stands, and where neither cypress or willow waves in seeming sorrow. When they died on shore, it was often in foreign ports where the rites of burial under the forms of christian churches might not be obtained. Seamen once were a neglected, disfranchised class of men. By their sacrifices of health and life, the riches of all nations were laid at the feet of our citizens, and the commodities of distant climes brought into our dwellings, and yet the question of their temporal or spiritual interests was never thought of or discussed. It is but lately that christian benevolence has honored itself by regarding the moral condition of those who

toil upon another element than that upon which they were born. The deep, wild waste of waters has now become a field of prayer. Humanity and piety, like twin sisters, stand upon the shore to give the sailor an affectionate farewell as he leaves his native strand—and there they remain to greet him on his return. He now leaves his family, if he have one, under the shadow of the Bethel flag. They are safe under the protecting wing of gospel ordinances, and are imbued with the heavenly influences that wait on the ministrations of mercy. As for himself, let storm or calm convulse or smooth the bosom of the ocean, his mind turns to the last impressive services of religion in the Bethel church;—he remembers the fervent prayer of the holy man who invoked Him who holds the reins of the strong tempest to spare his ship upon her perilous path, and to grant salvation to those frail beings, between whom and the dark retreats at the bottom of the sea, a plank only intervenes.

The liabilities to sudden death at sea from shipwreck, from sickness or from accident, render it a most imperative duty for christians to aid seamen in their great work of preparation for an instant exchange of worlds. Sailors often speak of the comfortless and solemn sensations they experience whenever they are called to commit the lifeless body of a comrade to his ocean grave. It is a dreary work to wrap and lower into the waves a man who left port with as high hopes of return as any of them. 'Alas! nor wife nor children more shall he behold'—and, alas! in too many cases, there is little hope that the voyager, who sails no more on an earthly sea, shall hoist the sails of immortality on a sea of bliss.

The Mariner's Church in Portland, stands at the head of Commercial and Long wharves; it covers 82 feet on Fore-street, and extends down Long-wharf, 70 feet. The basements are rented at about \$3000. The Chapel is 40 feet by 65, besides which there are a School room, a Library room, two rooms for the Marine Society, and a room for a high Nautical School.

The erection of this Bethel Church, formed an era in the history of American benevolence towards seamen. It was like the solution of a problem, and hundreds

awoke, as from a dream, to act nobly for those who do business upon the great waters. At the present time, there is no community of christians in the world, more alive to the immortal interests of sailors than the American church. May this holy ardor not only continue but increase to a flood of benevolence that shall encircle the sea and its thousands of harbors, and follow the sails that whiten the lakes and the broad rivers with the sound of a free salvation.

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

"No flowers can ever bloom upon his grave—no tear of affection fall upon the briny surge which rolls over him."

It was a morning at sea. The sun had risen in glory and was pouring his beams, a shower of golden light, in richness over the boundless expanse of waters. Not a cloud was visible, the winds were hushed; and the surface of the ocean was unbroken by a ripple. A solitary ship was the only object in all the magnificent scene which spoke the existence of man. Her sails were hanging sluggishly from the yards. The light motionless flag, suspended at half mast, seemed to portend that misfortune, perhaps death, had been there. And such was indeed the case—Among the party who composed her passengers on leaving port was one whose health had been declining in the coolness of our northern winter, and who, as the last hope of regaining it, had determined to visit the sunny vine hills of France! and inhale the pure air of Italy. His friends, as they bade him adieu, believed it was the last farewell, and he himself, as his native shores faded from his sight, felt the dark dreary consciousness come over him that he was going to die among strangers. He was young: and before disease had fastened itself upon him, had moved the beloved and admired of all. He could ill bear the thought of dying, for his hopes were high and animating—just such as an ardent, inexperienced mind delights to indulge; and he had looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become an actor in the busy world. He had talents and education fitted for any employment, and his friends confidently anticipa

ted the period when he should share in the councils of his country, or stand pre-eminently distinguished at the bar. He had ties too of a different nature, which had given a fairy charm to existence, and bound him still closer to life—ties which were too fondly cherished—intertwined, as they were with the very fibres of his heart—to be severed by any thing save death. No wonder that he felt it hard to die! But the victims which the grave selects, are not always those whom we value most lightly, nor who most readily sink into its shadows. How often is youth cut down when just opening into manhood, and glorying in all its bright anticipations? Such was the case with the one before us. Consumption had been silently but gradually performing its task, and the unnatural flush upon his cheek, and his glazing eye told but too faithfully that he was rapidly passing to another world. He died at last—and his death was calm and peaceful as the sleep of an infant folded in its mother's arms. And now his manly body lay stretched on the deck about to be committed to the world of waters—a feeble thing—but oh! the hope and happiness of how many hearts may go with it to old ocean's silent chasms! The ship's company were collected and stood around, gazing upon the cold, placid countenance which they were about to consign with all its beauty to the deep. No word was uttered, but memory recalled the gentle voice and sweet smile of the deceased, and fancy pictured the sorrow which his death would cast over the circle he had left. An appropriate prayer, and a few remarks suggested by the occasion were the only religious ceremonies performed; then the body was lifted carefully, as if it could know, in its unconsciousness that tears were in the eyes of the strangers, and tenderness in their bosoms. Then a single heavy plunge broke strangely the wide stillness of the ocean, and sent the long and circling ripples over its glassy breast. We gazed with strained eyes after the slowly sinking corpse, till it grew dim and vaguely shaped in the deep green water, and then gradually disappeared. A gloomy silence succeeded. The desolation of a desert pervaded the ship.

CABINET OF NATURE.

IMMENSE QUANTITY OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE;

Or, Illustrations of the Omnipotence of the Deity.

(Continued from page 43.)

IF we extend our views from the solar system to the starry heavens, we have to penetrate, in our imagination, a space which the swiftest ball that was ever projected, though in perpetual motion, would not traverse in ten hundred thousand years. In those trackless regions of immensity, we behold an assemblage of resplendent globes, similar to the sun in size, and in glory, and doubtless, accompanied with a retinue of worlds, revolving like our own around their attractive influence. The immense distance at which the nearest stars are known to be placed, proves, that they are bodies of a prodigious size, not inferior to our own sun, and that they shine, not by reflected rays, but by their own native light. But bodies encircled with such refulgent splendor, would be of little use in the economy of Jehovah's empire, unless surrounding worlds were cheered by their benign influence, and enlightened by their beams. Every star is, therefore, with good reason, concluded to be a sun, no less spacious than ours, surrounded by a host of planetary globes, which revolve around it as a centre, and derive from it light, and heat, and comfort. Nearly a thousand of these luminaries may be seen in a clear winter night, by the naked eye; so that a mass of matter equal to a thousand solar systems, or to *thirteen hundred and twenty millions of globes of the size of the earth*, may be perceived by every common observer, in the canopy of heaven. But all the celestial orbs which are perceived by the unassisted sight, do not form the eighty thousandth part of those which may be descried by the help of optical instruments. The telescope has enabled us to descry, in certain spaces of the heavens, thousands of stars where the naked eye could scarcely discern twenty. The late celebrated astronomer, Dr. Herschel, has informed us, that, in the most crowded parts of the Milky-way, when exploring that region with his best glasses, he has had fields of view

which contained no less than 588 stars, and these were continued for many minutes; so that "in one quarter of an hour's time there passed no less than *one hundred and sixteen thousand stars* through the field of view of his telescope."

It has been computed, that nearly *one hundred millions* of stars might be perceived by the most perfect instruments, were all the regions of the sky thoroughly explored: And yet, all this vast assemblage of suns and worlds, when compared with what lies beyond the utmost boundaries of human vision, in the immeasurable spaces of creation, may be no more than as the smallest particle of vapor to the immense ocean. Immeasurable regions of space lie beyond the utmost limits of mortal view, into which even imagination itself can scarcely penetrate, and which are, doubtless, replenished with the operations of Divine Wisdom and Omnipotence. For it cannot be supposed that a being so diminutive as man, whose stature scarcely exceeds six feet—who vanishes from the sight at the distance of a league—whose whole habitation is invisible from the nearest star—whose powers of vision are so imperfect, and whose mental faculties are so limited—it cannot be supposed that man, who "dwells in tabernacles of clay, who is crushed before the moth," and chained down, by the force of gravitation to the surface of a small planet,—should be able to descry the utmost boundaries of the empire of Him who fills immensity, and dwells in "light unapproachable." That portion of his dominions, however, which lies within the range of our view, present such a scene of magnificence and grandeur, as must fill the mind of every reflecting person with astonishment and reverence, and constrain him to exclaim, "Great is our Lord, and of great power, his understanding is infinite." "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained,—what is man that thou art mindful of him!" "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;" I have listened to subtle disquisitions on thy character and perfections, and have been but little affected, "but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I humble myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES, WITH SUITABLE REFLECTIONS.

ASTRONOMICAL SKETCHES.—NO. XIII.

The next planet to Jupiter is Saturn; whose diameter is 79,405 miles. This distant planet is 995 times greater than our Earth. His sidereal revolution is completed in 10,758 days, 23 hours, 16 minutes, 34 seconds; or, in 29 years, 167 days. He is at the astonishing distance of 911,141,000,000 miles from the Sun, and 816,000,000 miles from the Earth, at the least. The rate at which this planet moves, is 22,300 miles an hour: and his daily rotation is performed in 10 hours, 16 minutes, 19 seconds of our time. His year contains 25,000 days, of 10 hours, 16 minutes a day. The appearance of Saturn to the naked eye is not so brilliant as either that of Venus, or Jupiter; but it is more so than that of Mars.

The distance of this planet from the Sun is so very great, that it is supposed to receive only one ninetieth part of the light and heat that are received by the earth. Great as this diminution of light may appear at first sight, it is, however, above one thousand times greater than that which the Earth receives from the full Moon. But we are not to conclude that light and heat absolutely depend upon the distances of the planets from the Sun. Light and heat are much more connected with the rarity or density of the atmosphere of the planets, and the quantity of caloric which is contained in the atmosphere, and in the solid body of any planet.

The days and nights in Saturn must undergo a considerable variation in summer and winter, somewhat similar to the variations in the seasons of our Earth and of Mars.

The motion of Saturn is retrograde during the space of 136 days; and he remains stationary during about 8 days.

Saturn has in attendance seven Moons, which afford the inhabitants a most beautiful and interesting sight from night to night, and from year to year. Who can form an idea of the sublime sight of these seven beauti-

ful satellites, moving round the planet at different distances; some in a few days; others, in the course of as many months!

These Moons are at so great a distance from us, that they are invisible to the naked eye: nor are they to be seen through a powerful telescope, unless the air is very clear. Besides these seven Moons, Saturn has a beautiful double ring, surrounding him at some distance, like the horizon of an artificial globe. This appendage to Saturn is one of the most astonishing and curious phenomena in the heavens.

Although this double ring of Saturn, when viewed through a telescope of moderate powers, appears to be one solid plane, yet Dr. Herschel, and other astronomers, using telescopes with high magnifying powers, have discovered it to be divided into two parts, forming two concentric rings, making the space between the inner and outer ring no less than 2,839 miles. These rings are admirably calculated to receive and reflect the light of the sun upon the planet; and in all probability this is their design.

Owing to the oblique position in which we see the ring, it always appears to us in an oval form, even when its situation is the most favorable for observation. The appearance of this ring varies according to the changes that take place in our situation with respect to its plane. When the eye is exactly in the plane of the ring, it is scarcely perceptible; but after a while it begins to appear; and daily becomes more and more apparent, till it has reached its most favorable position for observation; or, till the angle it makes with the ecliptic is as great as possible. This alternate appearance and disappearance of Saturn's ring happens every fifteen years. The year 1826 was very favourable for seeing the ring; and this has also been the case for the last two or three years.

The dimensions of the larger ring, according to Herschel, are as follows:—

	Miles.
Outer diameter	204,883
Inner diameter	190,248
Breadth	19,024

Those of the smaller. or outer ring, are as follows:—

	Miles.
Outer diameter	184,393
Inner diameter	146,345
Breadth	7,931

It is remarked, that Saturn, like all the other planets, is an oblate spheroid: whose equatorial is to that of his polar diameter in the proportion of eleven to ten.

PHILLIP GARRETT.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

BENJAMIN WEST.—(Concluded from page 53.)

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

West soon gave up arms for the pencil. His prices for portraits were very low—two guineas and a half for a head, and five guineas for a half length. After he had painted portraits of all who desired it in Philadelphia, he went to New-York; but at first he was not greatly pleased with the merchant city. Yet his opinion, at least of one of the New-York merchants, underwent a change. He mentioned to a Mr. Kelly, whose portrait he was painting, his intention of proceeding forthwith to Rome, to avail himself of the benefits of foreign travel and study. Kelly paid him for painting his portrait, and gave him a letter to his agents in Philadelphia. West, on presenting this letter, was agreeably surprised to find that it contained an order to pay the bearer fifty guineas to aid in his equipment for Italy. He took letters from Philadelphia to merchants in Leghorn, and reached Rome, July 10th, 1760, in the twenty-second year of his age. A young American was a wonder in the Eternal City, and he had the good fortune to be introduced to the Roman virtuosi by Lord Grant-ham, an English nobleman. There was quite a turn out among the artists and critics to watch West when he should first see the wonderful productions of art in the city. The statue of Apollo was first submitted to his view. West unconsciously exclaimed, 'What!—a young Mohawk warrior!' To allay the surprise of the Italians, West described the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of the persons of the Mohawk Indians; and declared he had seen them standing in the very atti-

tude of the Apollo, pursuing with intense eye the arrow they had discharged from the bow. The Italians pronounced West to be no longer a barbarian. To introduce himself as a painter he begged Lord Grantham's permission to take his portrait, which was placed in Crespigni's gallery, and the name of the artist kept secret. The painting attracted universal admiration, and when Mengs, one of the most distinguished artists then in Rome, had learned that the portrait was the work of West, he said to him—'Young man, you have no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint.' This incident of West and Lord Grantham's portrait was the subject of general remark at Rome, and found its way to Allen, one of West's early friends in Philadelphia, while he was at dinner with Governor Hamilton. Allen immediately expressed his design of aiding West to travel throughout Italy and Europe, and the excellent Governor begged to share the honor of patronizing a young genius who was likely to reflect so much honor on his native state and country; and soon after, when West went to his bankers at Leghorn to take up the last ten pounds which he had brought with him from America, one of the partners opened a letter and said, 'I am instructed to give you unlimited credit; you will have the goodness to ask for any sum you please.'

West now visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, after which he returned to Rome and painted some beautiful copies of the works of the great masters of the age. On the 20th of June, 1763, West arrived in London, and found some of his Philadelphia friends in that city. He became acquainted with the eminent men of England, and was fired with a noble ambition to compete with them in the rivalry of genius. Subsequently he determined to remain there, and sent to Philadelphia for a young lady to whom he had been attached before his Italian travels, and on her arrival they were married in the church of St. Martins. West speedily became a favorite with King George the III. but never succeeded to the confidence and friendship of George the IV. In painting the death of General Wolfe, he introduced English costume—a great, and at that time adventurous improvement, as previously all historical

paintings had been clothed in Grecian and Roman costume, under the idea of preserving a classical style.

We have not space to follow West farther in his successful career. He was the second President of the Royal Academy. The number of his paintings were more than four hundred, mostly on historical and scriptural subjects. His life was so regular, that to describe a single day was to describe the movements of years. He rose early and studied late. When he lost royal favor by the death of the king, he successfully appealed to public patronage and found himself sustained. But old age was coming upon him—and, after losing his well beloved wife on the 6th of December, 1817, he died, in tranquillity and peace on the 11th of March, 1820, in the 82d year of his age. Noblemen, ambassadors and academicians were his pallbearers, and there were sixty coaches in the splendid funeral procession. He was buried in St. Paul's cathedral. Death on the Pale Horse is considered his most powerful painting. He attempted some of the most astonishing subjects—the Resurrection—the Descent of the Holy Ghost, and seemed to exhaust heaven and hell in his daring search for subjects; but it may not be unjust to say that his power of execution did not equal the boldness of his conceptions.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES, No. II.

SAYBROOK.

Written for the Monthly Repository, and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

The town of this name, situated on the western bank of the Connecticut river where it flows into Long Island Sound, presents many associations of high interest to the mind. Saybrook is the most ancient town in the state of Connecticut. It was settled under the royal grant to Lords Say, Seal, and Brook, and derives its name from two of the noble proprietors. The first settlement was made in the year 1634, by George Fenwick, Esq. and the Rev. Thomas Peters. A church was among one of the first things established by the Pioneers of Connecticut; and the first vote which that church recorded, was one which declared that they

were and would be for ever independent of Lords Bishops. Through its lay officers, the Saybrook church proceeded to ordain and set apart for the ministry as their pastor the Rev. Thomas Peters, considering this ordination episcopal, although Peters had been silenced in England.

Opposition to high church dignitaries, seems to have been one of the earliest features in the ecclesiastical polity of Connecticut. The form of church government first adopted, bore a modified resemblance to the church of England, retaining some of the rituals, prayers and creeds; but time and jealousies, and ruptures with the mother country, obliterated, one by one, the Episcopal forms of worship, and a large proportion of the Connecticut churches settled down at length, on the Saybrook platform, under Congregational banners.

But Saybrook has other associations than those connected with its ecclesiastical history. The rounded bank which stretches down until it meets the hungry waves of the sound, is deeply indented with ditch and fosse, and trenches, that tell a tale of other years. Few dwellings now are seen along that shore, yet a large burying ground, strangely populous like a city of death, spreads its silent streets on the highest range of the strand—a melancholy memorial of departed population. The principal village now is at the distance of miles from the spot where the fathers of Connecticut threw up their first dwellings.

The Rev. Mr. Peters established a school soon after the settlement of the town, which soon became popular, and the *savants* of young Connecticut gave it the appellation of *Schola Illustris*. In the year 1700 or 1701, during the life time of Peters's children, this school received incorporation under the name of Yale College, but although this plant of renown first rooted there, it was not destined to spread its broad shadow over the pilgrim soil of Saybrook; it was removed to New Haven about the year 1717. Yet the musing traveller cannot see without emotions of melancholy, the spot where Yale had its glorious beginning. A few scattering blocks of granite that once formed a part of the edifice covered with the moss of a century, are

strewn around, and an unhoused cellar yawns where once in the sounding halls of learning the academic tread was lofty and loud. The grave yard and the site of an ancient church are near that of the college. The monuments are numerous, arranged in solemn order, and bear many appropriate epitaphs to the honor of the truly dignified fathers and mothers of Connecticut. On one stone the following strikingly impressive line seems to struggle with the sluggish moss which has gathered upon its face in storm and sunshine:—" *Here pride is calmed and death is life!*"

But an object of more melancholy interest perhaps than even the populous field of graves, is the wreck of a monument nearer the sea. It is that of Lady Say; built of red free-stone, it has but illy withstood the tooth of time. The worm which gnaws the marble urns of the Acropolis, the storied slabs of Westminster Abbey, and the thrones of kings, has eaten away the form and stateliness of this monument, sacred to female worth and beauty. It is a popular legend of the neighbourhood that the large Griswold estate on the opposite side of the river was bequeathed to the family who now possess it on the sole condition, that they were to watch over and keep the monument to Lady Say in an erect position. This trust has been observed—but, alas, the firm earth itself has passed away, and made it necessary more than once during the lapse of two centuries to move the monument farther up from the encroaching jaws of the ravenous sea. There it now stands a wreck of what it was—the shade of a monument, itself in need of monumental sympathy.

YOUNG LADIES' GARLAND.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY A LADY.

To the perfect formation of the female character I think it highly necessary, while engaged in a course of studies calculated to inform the understanding and mature the judgment, occasionally to relax the mind and amuse ourselves by reading works of a lighter cast, and

acquiring those accomplishments which though not considered valuable attainments, tend to soften the heart, elevate the affections, and polish the manners. Such are poetry, music, &c.

Poetry is truly the language of the soul. The usual style of poetical composition is best calculated to express the feelings and affections of the heart, which are the sources of all our dearest pleasures; and when those "words that breathe and burn" are tuned to notes of sweetest melody, it thrills through the heart with feelings of exquisite delight, and every chord vibrates to the magic strain.

It brings to mind the loved pleasures of our infancy, when the tear that trembled in the eye sparkled for a moment and was as quickly dispelled by the sunshine of innocent joy. It reminds us of friends we then loved and lost for ever—the sweet remembrance of pleasures that are past steal over the mind like the airy visions of a blissful dream, and every worldly care is soothed to rest by their mild and pensive power. While under the influence of those feelings the mind is drawn off from the hopes and fears connected with this life, the heart holds communion with itself and perceives more clearly the emptiness and vanity of all earthly objects, and ardently longs after those things which alone can satisfy the immortal soul of man.

There are sympathies and feelings inherent in our natures which cannot be awakened but by some congeniality of sound or sentiment, consequently the person devoid of all taste for poetry and music is unconscious of many of those pleasurable sensations which flow from the most refined feelings of our nature.

Who, that has felt the soul-subduing power of harmony, but feels it enlarge and elevate the affections—who, that hath lingered to catch its last dying fall, has not felt the luxury of that sensibility which responds with tears of rapture to the strains.

Who, that is conversant with the smoothly flowing numbers of Campbell, or the still more natural and touching strains of Burns, but finds there expressed the thoughts and feelings of their hearts,—and while reading the severe but just criticisms of the poetic Cowper,

who would not despise the vices and follies of the world and endeavor to attain to the excellence he so beautifully portrays? Viewing those accomplishments as producing such effects, they cannot be considered unimportant, particularly in the formation of the female character; for what is more lovely in woman than delicacy of sentiment and the expression of a heart overflowing with all the kindly affections towards God and man, and that polish of manners which lends a double charm to the intelligence that beams in her face, and twines round the heart by its irresistible sweetness.

THALIA

YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

A MOTHER'S COUNSELS.

Of all counsellors, a mother is certainly the most affectionate and disinterested; and she has that complete knowledge of the dispositions and circumstances of her children, which eminently qualifies her for giving advice. To none can you speak with such confidence as to her, nor will any one listen with such patient attention to your statements. Others may disclose your difficulties and your scruples to your prejudice; but in the breast of a mother they are lodged as safely as in your own.

Others may be influenced by sinister motives in the counsels which they give, but those of a mother flow from the purest and strongest wishes for your welfare. And her counsels are given with the utmost mildness. The advices of others are sometimes given in that haughty manner which seeks to establish a claim to superior intelligence and sanctity, or with such harsh reflections on our weakness and folly, as are more likely to exasperate than to humble or reclaim; but a mother's counsels are characterized by gentleness and benignity, and though they have been despised in time past, she is still willing to renew them. The loss of such a monitor must be a grievous calamity.

Some of you are probably now calling to remembrance those mild expostulations by which a mother checked the excesses of your passions, and showed you

the folly of those desperate measures to which you were prompted by revenge; the advices which kept you from forming friendships which would have been a snare to you, and the warnings which taught you to detect the treachery that was concealed by smiles, and the plans of ruin which were recommended by the most plausible assurances of gain or enjoyment. And how sad is the thought, that the spirit endowed with so much wisdom and prudence has left you to walk in your own counsels, and that painful anxieties and mistakes are before you.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit, but when we have gained it, how different is the prospect on the other side. We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wishful eye upon the flowery path we have passed but may never more retrace. It is like a portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm, and rain; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DRAGON-FLY

A most destructive enemy of living insects is the tribe of *libellula* or dragon-fly, a name which they well merit from their voracious habits. The French have chosen to call them "demoiselles," from the slim elegance and graceful ease of their figure and movements. But, although their brilliant coloring, the beauty of their transparent and wide-spread wings, may give them some claim to this denomination, yet they scarcely would have received it had their murderous instincts been observed. So far from seeking an innocent nurture in the juice of fruits or flowers, they are (says Reaumur) warriors more ferocious than the Amazons. They hover in the air only to pounce upon other insects, which they crush with their formidable fangs; and if they quit the

banks of the rivulet, where they may be seen in numbers during an evening walk, it is only to pursue and seize the butterfly or moth, which seeks the shelter of the hedge.

The waters are their birth-place; their eggs are protruded into this element at once, in a mass which resembles a cluster of grapes. The larva which comes out of these eggs is six-footed. The only difference between the larva and nymph is, that the latter has the rudiments of wings packed up in small cases on each side of the insect.



In this latter state it is supposed that the creature lives at the bottom of the water for a year. It is equally voracious then as in its perfect state. Its body is covered by bits of leaf, wood, and other foreign matters, so as to afford it a complete disguise, while its visage is concealed by a prominent mask, which hides the tremendous apparatus of serrated teeth, and serves as a pincer to hold the prey while it is devoured.



Its mode of locomotion is equally curious; for though it can move in any direction, it is not by means of feet or any direct apparatus that it moves, but by a curious mechanism, which has been well illustrated by Reaumur and Cuvier. If one of these nymphs be narrowly observed in water, little pieces of wood and other floating matters will be seen to be drawn towards the posterior extremity of the insect, and then repelled; at the same time that portion of its body will be observed alternately to open and shut. If one of them be placed

in water which has been rendered turbid by milk, or coloured with indigo, and then suddenly removed into a more limpid fluid, a jet of the coloured water will be seen to issue from the anal extremity of the libellula, to the extent sometimes of several inches; at the same time the force with which the column is ejected propels the insect in the opposite direction, by virtue of the resistance with which it meets. Hence it appears that it is by means of its respiratory system that the creature walks—a strange and anomalous combination of functions in one organ.

If the insect be taken out of the water, held with its head downwards, and a few drops of that fluid poured on its tail, that which was a mere point will immediately open and display a cavity; at the same time the



body of the insect, which was before flat, will be observed to be enlarged and inflated, and if held up to the light, semi-transparent: moreover, something solid will appear to be displaced by the water, and driven towards the head. This solid mass will shortly descend, obscure the transparency of the lower portion of the body of the insect, lessen its diameter, and, when it does so, a jet of water will issue from the vent. It is clear, then, that the abdomen of the libellula is a syringe, the piston of which being drawn up, of course the pressure of the fluid fills up the vacuum, and, when pushed down, expels the water. To ascertain the fact, Réaumur held the insect in his hand, and when he saw its body inflated, cut it immediately with a pair of scissors, and found it unoccupied with solids. He watched when the jet of water was expelled in another, and as soon as the body was darkened and lessened in diameter, he clipped it, and found the cut portion occupied by solids. There is no doubt, then, that the abdomen contains a

moveable piston, and this piston is composed of the air tubes. There are four of these longitudinal trunks,



although two only are represented, they terminate in innumerable smaller ones, and, according to Reaumur perform the functions of respiration, as well as locomotion, in the ways detailed.

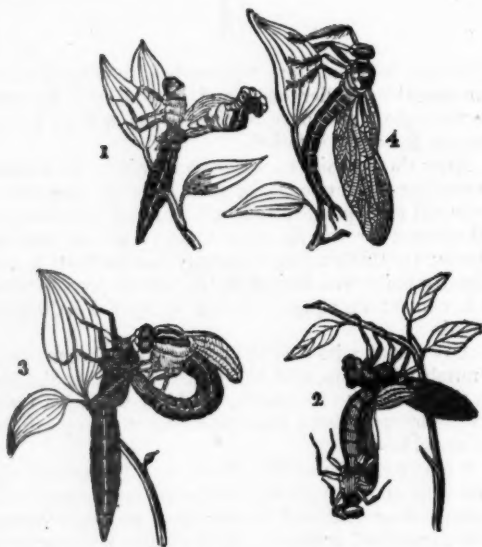
After the voracious creature has lain in ambuscade, devouring the larvæ of the gnat and other aquatic insects, till its appointed hour of change, it leaves its natal element for the shore, to undergo its last metamorphosis: for this purpose it usually fastens itself to some friendly plant, and begins the important process which is to convert an aquatic animal into an inhabitant of the air.

Any person who should at this period choose to seize a number of them, and, taking them into his chamber, fix them to a bit of tapestry, would be rewarded for his trouble by witnessing the conversion of an aquatic into an aerial insect.

It may easily be seen by the eyes of the nymph whether it is about to change its form; for, instead of remaining tarnished and opaque, they suddenly become, transparent and brilliant. This change is owing to the visual organ of the perfect insect, which is amazingly lustrous shining through the mask of the nymph. If the eye of the nymph be removed, that of the perfect insect may be seen beneath. As soon as the nymph has

fixed itself to any object by means of its claws, the first sign of the commencing metamorphosis is a rent in the upper skin, extending along the corslet to the head. When it approaches this latter part, another rent, perpendicular to the first, runs across the face from eye to eye. These rents are brought about by a power which the insect possesses of inflating its body and head. This last organ, ultimately destined to become fixed and solid, is at this period capable of contraction and dilatation, like a membrane.

The head and corslet being exposed, the legs are drawn out from their nymphine cases. At this period every part of the insect is soft. The four figures below illustrate its mode of exit.



In the first (*fig. 1.*) it is partially out; in the second (*fig. 2.*) after having protruded itself thus far, it hangs with its head downwards, and remains motionless, so

as to lead the observer to believe that the efforts which it had hitherto made had exhausted its strength, and that it had thus perished in the act of being born. However, it remains in this position just so long as to permit its body and limbs to be hardened and dried by the air, and then it reverses it to that of *fig. 3*, forming an arch; this enables the insect to draw out its tail from the mask.

When it has just cast off that tenement in which it had till now existed, the body of the libellula is soft, has not attained its full length, and the wings are still folded. It remains, therefore, tranquil and motionless till these important operations have taken place, which are finished sooner or later, according to the heat or moisture of the atmosphere. The operation may be completed in a quarter of an hour, or take up several hours, according to circumstances. The wings unfold themselves in every direction;—it is supposed that this curious mechanical effect is brought about by means of the fluids, which rush into and distend them; for they remain drooping as wet paper if the insect die in the act of metamorphosis; so that something more than drying is necessary. During the time that the wings, from being shrivelled and flexible, are becoming firm and glistening as talc, the dragon-fly takes care not to allow even its own body to obstruct their expansion in the proper direction, and for this purpose bends it from them, as in *fig. 4*: for if they took a wrong fold at this moment, they would for ever retain the deformity. Provision is even made to prevent the wings from coming in contact with each other; for, instead of being all in the same horizontal plane, as they subsequently are, they are perpendicular to the insect, and thus ranged side by side.

The 8th No. of Harper's Family Library, is devoted to the Natural History of Insects. To this work we are indebted for the highly interesting account of the Dragon-fly given above.

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false, and deceitful; and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many.



A GREENLANDER'S REMARKS ON THE BEING OF GOD.

From Crantz's History of Greenland, vol. i, p. 168, &c.

A Missionary, being in company with some baptized Greenlanders, expressed his wonder how they could formerly lead such useless lives. One of them replied as follows:—"It is true we were ignorant heathen, and knew nothing of God, or a Saviour; and indeed who should tell us of him till you came? But thou must not suppose that no Greenlander thinks about these things. I myself have often thought,—A *kajak* or boat, with all its tackle, could not come of itself, but must be made with great labour and skill, and one that does not understand it would directly spoil it. Now the meanest bird requires more skill to form it than a *kajak*; and no man can make a bird. But there is still greater art in making a man,—who was it that made him? I thought, he proceeded from his parents, and they from their parents; but some must have been the first parents: whence did they come? Common report says, they grew out of the earth. But if so, why do not men still grow out of the earth? And from whence did this same earth itself, the sea, the sun, moon, and stars come? Certainly some being must have made all these; and he must be greater, wiser, and more knowing than the wisest man. He must be very good too; because every thing that he has made is good, useful, and

necessary for us. Ah! did I but know him! But who has seen him? Who has spoken with him? None of us poor men. Yet there may be men too, that know something of him: O, could I but speak with such! Therefore," said he, "as soon as ever I heard you speak of this great Being, I believed it directly with all my heart because I had so long desired to hear it."

Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

POETRY.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

FUNERAL REFLECTIONS:

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, blessed are the dead!"

Come! gather to your burial-place, ye gay!
 Ye of the sparkling eye, and frolic brow
 I bid ye thither.—She who makes her bed
 This day 'neath the damp turf and rootless flowers,
 Was one of you.—Time had not laid his hand
 On tress or brow, stamping their loveliness
 With dark decay, till death had nought to do
 Save that elight office which the passing blast
 Doth for the flickering taper.—No. Her cheek
 Shamed the young rose-bud;—in her eye was light,
 By glad hope kindled;—in her footsteps grace,
 Song on her lips, affections in her breast
 Like soft doves nesting.—Yet from all she turned,
 All she forsook, unclasping her fond hand
 From friendship's ardent pressure, with a smile
 As if she were a gainer.—To lie down
 In this cold pit she cometh:—dust to dust,
 Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn
 Of resurrection.—Do ye wondering ask
Where is her blessedness?—Go home, ye gay!
 Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down
 And ask of God.—Urge your request as one
 Who on the slight raft 'mid the ocean foam
 Pleadeth for life.—Prevent the rising dawn,
 And through the night-watch pray.—

Then should ye find
 That faith whose fruit is love.—That hope whose breast
 Is radiant with the motto "*Death is gain*,"
 Ye will not longer marvel that the friend
 So beautiful,—so lov'd—so lur'd by all
 The pageantry of earth, could meekly see
 A blessedness in death.—

HARTFORD, July 3, 1831.

Written for the Monthly Repository and Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE BEAUTIES OF NIGHT—THE GLORIES OF MORN—AND
 THE SPLENDOR OF NOON.

Three Poems by three Friends.*

NIGHT—BY J. B. D.

'Tis *night*, and all nature is hush'd in the gloom
 Of darkness and silence around;
 The dew-drop refreshes the rose's perfume,
 And the grass that environs the Champion's tomb,
 And the flowers that grow on the ground.

The stars now bespangle the vault of the sky,
 The heavens appear in a glow:
 In silence majestic they twinkle on high,
 And draw admiration from every eye,
 While *night* spreads her mantle below.

The moon in the East now her crescent displays
 And adds to the grandeur of night;
 The stream in the meadow meand'ring plays,
 The nightingale joins in melodious lays,
 And all nature is charm'd with the sight.

The cataract's roar now distinctly we hear
 Loud sound through the silence serene:
 Like thunder far distant it falls on the ear,
 While the whip-poor-will's notes in the bushes, appear
 To heighten and gladden the scene.

The fresh breeze of evening now pleasantly blows
 To call off the day's sultry heat;
 The cock in the barn aloft, merrily crows,
 While men on their couches serenely repose
 The ensuing day's labour to meet.

But soon in the eastern horizon behold
 The darkness beginning to fly,
 The morn ushers in, beauties new to unfold,
 And Aurora's fair sun decks the mountains with gold,
 And the stars disappear in the sky.

* J. B. Dusingberry, S. G. Arnold, and Rev. G. Coles

MORNING.—BY S. G. A.

Now, in the east the crescent morn appears,
And dappled, shoots around the glowing day;
Or spreads along the vaulted arch, and clears
The dark dim shadows from its face away.

No longer curtain'd by the veil of night
She gently spreads her humid wings on high;
And sends abroad her streams of golden light,
And dissipates the darkness of the sky.

The noisy lark now wakes the rural swain;—
He brushes from his eye the dew of sleep;
And rises to his daily cares again,
The same succession of his toils to keep.

Now fade the spangled heavens from my sight,
Star after star forsakes the arch on high,
Or melts away, or mingles with the light,
Or shines but dimly from the vaulted sky.

The herds no more in sluggish slumbers rest,
But from their grassy couch are soon away;
To shake the drops from off the dew-drench'd nest,
And in the stream their morning thirst allay.

The shepherd follows to his fleecy care,
The milk-maid rises to her morning toil;
The woodman's strokes re-echo through the air,
The jocund ploughman breaks the stubborn soil.

The sun's first beams now touch the humid earth,
And from her flowery mantle kiss the dew;
Nature all smiling, bursting into birth,
Far richer glows, and brightens on the view.

Waked by the beams of renovated morn,
Full many a warbler's softest notes I hear;
And sweet reverb'rings of the full-toned horn,
To call the labourer to his morning cheer.

NOON.—BY G. C.

Inscribed to J. B. D. and S. G. A. one of whom had sung the Beauties of Night, and the other the Glories of Morn, and gave the author for his task the subject of Noon.

To you my friends who sing in lofty strains,
The beauties of the star-bespangled night,
Or glories of the morning, o'er the plains,
And on the mountain-tops—a lovely sight.

Come, listen to my strains, though less sublime;
 The grandeur of my subject makes amends:
 And if I fail in my attempt this time,
 I'll try again, so long as you're my friends.

MORN has its charms, I grant, and EVENING too,
 But not like glorious mid-day all around,
 One has its *chill*, the other has its *dew*,
Danger in this, and death in that is found.

The sprightly damsel, tripping o'er the lawn
 Soils her best robes, or wets her tender feet,
 If she should rise at *morning's* early dawn,
 And run across the path her friend to greet.

The aged matron stumbles at a stone,
 "Falls in the ditch," or wanders from the way;
 If careless, she should venture out alone,
 When *evening shades* obscure the light of day.

Not so, when NOONTIDE GLORY shines around,
 And *mid-day splendor* all his charms displays;
Darkness, and danger now, no more are found,
 Lost in Apollo's bright meridian blaze.

See how he mounts his dazzling throne on high,
 And downward darts a bright benignant ray;—
 The "tears" of *morn* "are wip'd from ev'ry eye,"
 The *evening* "shadows" frightened "flee away."

Light, cheering light, full blazing from the sky
 Resplendent shines on all the world below;
 Ten thousand beauties meet the wond'ring eye,
 Such as the *trembling twilight* cannot sho w.

The *genial warmth* of Sol's meridian blaze
 Dries up the *noxious vapors* of the earth;
 Ten thousand voices shout Jehovah's praise,
 And nature brings forth millions at a birth.

Thus in the day of glorious gospel light,
 The Jewish types and shadows flee away;
 And error's dark, and long continued night,
 No more its sceptre o'er the world doth sway.

Thus in the new creation of the soul,
 Where light divine diffuses life around;
 Where sin, and death did reign, without control,
 What quick'ning power is felt, what joys abound!

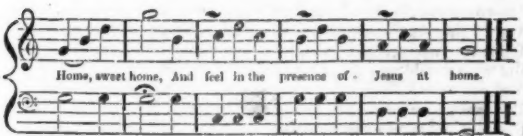
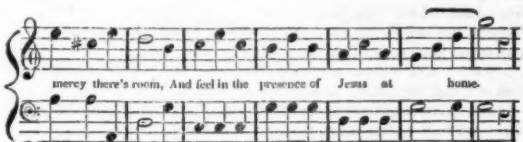
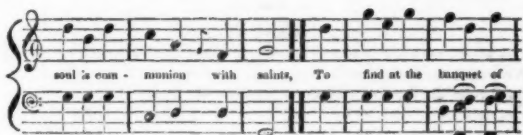
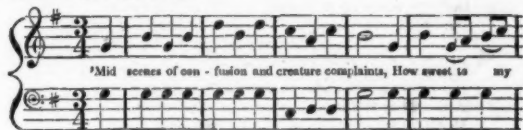
And in that world of bliss to which we rise,
 Where shines the light of an eternal day,
 No night shall come:—but from our weeping eyes,
Danger, and Death, and Darkness flee away.

Original Music.—Communicated for the Monthly Repository.

THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

Words by Mrs. J. Stanley.—Music by Rev. G. Coles.

☞ The popular tune called "Sweet Home," perhaps can never be rivalled, but as it is sung in the theatre, and in the streets of the city, it was thought that something else might be brought into the social circle, the prayer meeting, and the house of God, with good effect.



Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious *Jesus* whose love cannot cease
Though oft from thy presence, in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory, *at Home.*
Home, sweet home, &c.

I sigh, from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee *at Home.*
Home, sweet home, &c.

While here, in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

What'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face!
Indulge me with patience, to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine;
And in thy fair image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions, to praise thee at Home!

Home, sweet home, &c.

CHANGES.

The world hath many changes—the fair and verdant earth
Wears not the look it wore when first heaven smiled upon its birth;
Dark rolls the flood of ages, and whirls beneath its tide
The monuments of man's renown, his glory and his pride.

Where are those ancient cities—the proudest of their day?
Their pomp, their splendor—all are gone—passed like a dream away!
Some hath the earthquake swallowed, some have an ocean tomb,
Some in the red volcano's wrath have met their fiery doom.

And some to dark oblivion have sunk by slow decay,
Their very luxury hath worn their strength and power away.—
And is it but the tokens of art and skill alone,
Is it but in the works of man the power of change is shown?

Alas! whatever changes in this fair earth have been,
None are so sad and strange as those which in ourselves are seen;
Our fairest feelings wither, our brightest hopes depart.
And sweet and pleasant thoughts lie dead, and a blight falls on the heart.
And all that once could charm us seems dull, and drear and strange,
Till scarce we recognize ourselves, so deep and dark the change;
But with a saddened spirit we look on those around,
And feel more bitterly the change that oft in them is found.

The eye we loved is altered, and answers ours no more,
But cold and careless is the glance that beamed with love before.
The lip, whose smile of welcome so long was all our own,
Whose accents ever breathed to us affection's cordial tone,
Now smiles on us no longer, and breathes no gentle word,
But cold politeness moulds each phrase, which from those lips is heard.
Ah! sad it is to wander a path bereft of flowers,
And with the phantom of those friends that are no longer ours.

Yet is not this a lesson to wean from earthly things
The heart of man, which still too much to earthly objects clings?
To bid our hopes, look onward to that immortal home,
Where lurks no dark deceit, and where no change can ever come!





A VIEW OF MOUNT JOLIET, ILLINOIS.